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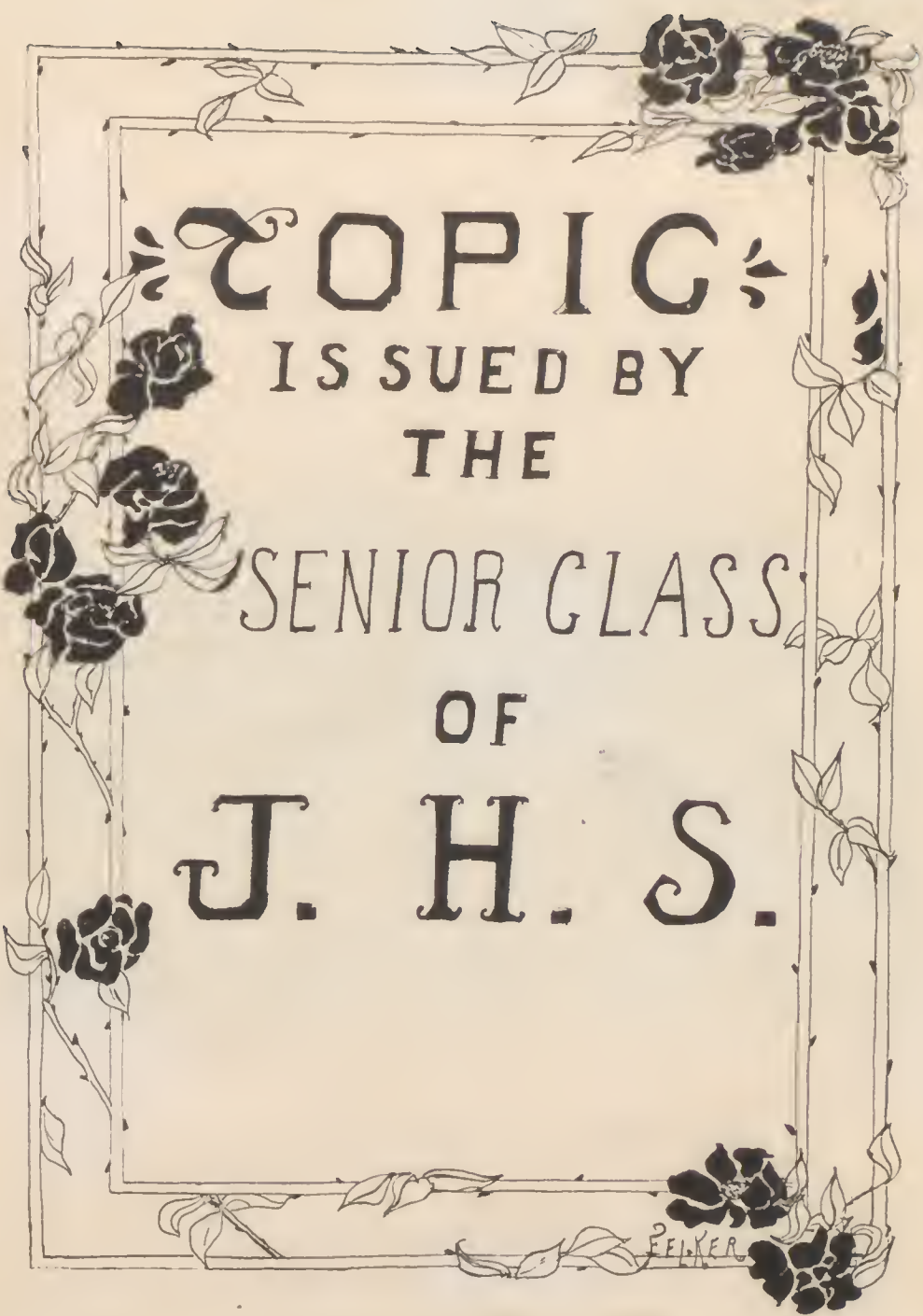
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TOPIC

ISSUED BY  
THE

SENIOR CLASS

OF

J. H. S.

FEUER



"OUR SCHOOL"





## Dedication

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We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred  
Fourteen, respectfully dedicate this,  
our Annual, to the Faculty and  
Students of the Jeffersonville  
High School







## Trustee Roll

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WILLACY J. SCHWANINGER, Secretary

JOHN J. GIENGER, President

JOHN D. DRISCOLL, Treasurer







## Faculty Roll

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C. M. Marble .....	Superintendent
Emmet Taylor .....	Principal
Mary K. Voigt .....	Assistant Principal
Ada W. Frank .....	Latin
Maud M. Craig .....	English
Clara Funk .....	English
F. E. Andrews .....	History and Physical Geography
Henry Temple .....	Algebra and Geometry
Anna C. Nalstoli .....	German
Elizabeth Davis .....	Latin and History
Mabel D. Erwin .....	Domestic Science
Herman J. Koppers .....	Agriculture





THE SPIRIT OF THE CLASS OF '14.

We long to keep your teachings true;  
We long to have your teachers, too,  
Of wisdom's oracle the voice,  
Of all the schools you are our choice.

Full many a happy day we've seen  
Within your walls, that we may ween,  
And many a joyous hour spent,  
With intellectual toil intent.

Geometry we've pondered o'er,  
And Rome's and Athens' ancient lore;  
Much Botany and English read,  
And of th' heroic German dead.

With Agriculture's helpful hand  
And Science in Domestic land,  
With Physies and Arithmetic  
We've made a name to which we'll stick.

Our Latin, too, we have in mind,  
Nor Algebra we've left behind,  
Nor Art or Music bid adieu:  
Them we may keep, but cannot you.

And so on the departure eve  
With noble predecessors leave,  
The class of nineteen-fourteen, too,  
To bid old J. H. S. adieu.

Yes, now the busy world we've sought  
Where "at life's forge our fortune's wrought."  
Still kindly thoughts we turn to you,  
Your teachings and your teachers true.

—Victor M. E. Albanese.





# Classes





CLARA SCHEER.

Comely, a mirthful girl, one who delights in laughter.

GRACE CRUM.

To be merry well becomes you; in truth, you were born to enjoy life.

LESTER CHAPMAN.

Though modest, on his unembarrassed brow Nature hath written "Gentleman."

GLADYS FELKER.

Received in triumph wheresoever she went, her pencil drew whate'er her soul desired.

MAY COLE.

Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,  
But a new mingling of them all.

HARLAND HARRIMAN.

Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,  
In him alone 'twas natural to please.

LUCILLE HORNER.

Why should not we women act alone,  
Or whence are men so necessary grown?

KATHERINE GOYNE.

Sweetness is hers and unaffected ease.





HAZEL DAVIS.

Wearing all that weight of learning  
lightly like a flower.

HARRY SCHOENMETZLER.

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.

EUGENIA GLOSSBRENNER.

Many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown  
it.

ANNA ABEL.

The force of her own merit makes her  
way.

NORA KEIGWIN.

A perfect miss in all the graces that  
become a woman.

CARROLL WELLS.

Vigor, vim, perfect trim,  
Force makes him "Sunny Jim."

CLIFFORD MOSIER.

He reads much and is a great observer.

INEZ LE CLARE.

There is a world of merriment in her  
smile.





HELEN HYDRON.

A dog-rose blushtin' to a brook  
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

MARY ELLIOTT.

Infinite treasure in a little room.

WARREN WEBER.

As proper a man as one would see up-  
on a summer's day.

SUSIE DIETZ.

Her hair was not more sunny than  
her heart.

CATHARINE GOODWIN.

She blossomed in the country,  
Where sunny summers fling  
Their rosy arms about the earth  
And brightest blessings bring.

FREEMAN ROBINSON.

He doesn't like study: it weakens his  
eyes.

PEARL STROTHER.

She is pleasant to walk with,  
And witty to talk with,  
And jolly, too, withal.

LAILA CRUM.

Thou lackest not friendship's spell-  
word,  
Nor the half-unconscious power to  
draw  
All hearts to thine by love's sweet  
law.





RUTH ROSE.

On studies most her mind was bent,  
A book she had where'er she went.

ROSCOE ZOLLINGER.

No case for me. Woman? I wouldn't  
give a cent for the whole lot.

VICTOR ALBANESE.

Life's a jest and all things show it;  
I thought so once, and now I know it.

RUTH MORRIS.

She hath sworn to abjure forever the  
society of all men save one.

GRACE CARL.

A charm attends her everywhere,  
A sense of beauty.

DAISY BELLE KEHOE.

She hath a free and open nature.

MARGUERITE STAUSS.

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,  
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair.

SULTAN COHEN.

The gentleman is learned and a most  
rare speaker.





FRANCES HAUSS.

As pure as a pearl and as perfect,  
A noble and innocent girl.

HAZEL HINTON.

And if she will, she will, you may depend  
on't;  
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an  
end on't.

HARRY PEET.

I never yet beheld that special face  
Which I could fancy more than any other.

EMMA BLOORE.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er a brow  
High with intelligence.

CLARA SMITH.

So perfectly the lines express  
A tranquil, settled loveliness.

NORMAN BECK.

A poet, too, was there whose verse  
Was tender, musical, and terse.

HELEN VEASEY.

I hold 'tis criminal to be sad.

EVELYN SWEENEY.

Care smiles to see her free from care;  
The hard heart loves her unaware.





**A** Is for Albanese, a Knight of the Round Table,  
Whose politeness to all has passed to a fable.  
Is for Abel, whose name suits her well,  
Take a peep at her record: her worth it'll tell.

**B** Is for Beck, whose poetical lore  
Is admired by fair damsels every day more and more.  
Is for Bloore, a student of note,  
For a capable girl we'll give her our vote.

**C** Stands for Carl and Cohen, a loving pair.  
Quite often they have heard the word "beware."  
Stands for Crum, Grace is her name,  
She's a friend worth the while and a star of "the" game.  
Stands for a charming young lady named Cole,  
She has not an enemy on all our class roll.  
Is for Crum, Laila, you know,  
Who'll make many friends wherever she'll go.  
Stands for Chapman, an athlete fast,  
He's sure to come in for great honors at last.

**D** Is for Davis, who has great ambition  
To rival Mrs. Gates in her position.  
Is for Dietz, a flaxen-haired lass,  
Who has a sweet smile and kind word to pass.

**E** Stands for Elliott, a friend to us all,  
At the feet of Mary we hope many will fall.

**F** Is for Felker, famed in music and art,  
This clever lass has won ev'ry heart.





**G** Stands for Goodwin, whose sweet, sunny way  
Has made it a joy to be with her each day. .  
Is for Glossbrenner, a diligent maid,  
But, as hard work is o'er, she can rest in the shade.  
Is for Goyne, one never led astray,  
But studied the Aenid forty minutes each day.

**H** Is for Hinton and Hazel, too;  
Everyone loves her because she's true blue.  
Is for Harriman, handsome and young,  
By all the girls his praises are sung.  
Is for Horner; may the Fates give to thee  
All kinds of honors and happiness free.  
Is for Hydron, a charming young girl,  
Who's made many conquests with a smile and a curl.  
Is for Hauss, a child given by Fate  
To make us remember there's love and not hate.

**I** Is for the "eye" of the teacher who needs some advice,  
Never watch boys and girls, I think it's not nice.

**J** Is for Jokes we all love to hear:  
Especially Clifford's, which are funny, I fear.

**K** Is for Keigwin, a dainty young miss,  
The ambition of men, her sweet lips to ——.   
Stands for Kehoe, whose eyes are soft brown,  
They give forth bright smiles, but never a frown.

**L** Stands for Le Clare, Inez by name,  
We always are proud her friendship to claim.





**M** Is for Morris, to whom we wish joy,  
Fond mem'ries of her Fate cannot destroy.  
Is for Mosier, our class poet of renown,  
His fame—it has spread through village and town.

**N** Is for the "Notes," those sweet billet doux,  
What heartbeats they brought to me and to you.

**O** Is the zero laid up for that day,  
Should you get it, then back to High School to stay.

**P** Stands for Peet, who makes all our photos:  
We know he'll be rich and own many autos.

**Q** Is for "Quitter"—we are spared this disgrace—  
Not guilty, we plead, as we go from this place.

**R** Stands for Rose, in our own class the star,  
We've always admired her—but from afar.  
Stands for Robinson, who is our class beau,  
There's nothing he loves like the Spanish tango.

**S** Stands for Strother, a maid debonair,  
We hope "he" will give her a fine solitaire.  
Stands for Schoenmetzler, with whom we compete,  
But, alas! we have learned to take a back seat.

Stands for Sweeney, always on time:  
Don't notice the above—it's just for a rhyme.

Is for Stauss, a synonym for grace,  
We will always be pleased her movements to trace.

Stands for Smith, from Clara we ask  
A smile, so we in the sunshine may bask.

Stands for Scheer, a friend we hold dear,  
Soon she will leave us for some cavalier.





**T** Is for Teachers, Ye Powers Most Potential—  
Pardon we crave, we are now penitential.

**U** Is for Union, synonym for our class,  
To our beloved school we are loyal en masse.

**V** Stands for Veasey, of whom many boys dream,  
If one wants to please her—why buy Mac's ice cream.

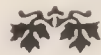
**W** Is for Weber, who stands from the crowd  
With his little English suit, of which he is proud.

Is for Wells, that 'squire of fair dames;  
Hush! be still! I'm not giving names.

**X** Is for Ten when the answer is right,  
We are wise when this meets our sight.

**Y** Is for You, when you finish this list,  
If you haven't been named you've surely been missed.

**Z** Is for Zollinger, the last of the lot—  
By the long and the short he will ne'er be forgot.





### PROPHECY OF THE CLASS '14.

---

I was quietly sitting before the great open fireplace, thinking of my school days, and especially of my last year in High School, when the door-bell suddenly rang; and whose card should the maid bring in but Freeman Robinson's. Freeman had been a life-long friend and schoolmate of mine.

When the maid ushered him in it wasn't the little boy of my school days, but a big, fine, stern-looking man.

"Well, well, Freeman, I'm certainly glad to see you, but how did you know I lived in New York?"

"Well, you see, I've just returned from Jeff and I met your sister and asked her where you were, and she said you were in New York. You see I, too, live here, as I am now president of the New York Central, so, of course, spend the greatest part of my time here."

"I suppose you got news of most of our old schoolmates while you were in Jeff. I always knew the Class of '14 would turn out to be the best class ever graduated from J. H. S. I've kept up with almost all of them. There's Harry Schoenmetzler, President of the United States and Ruth Rose the first lady of the land. Last summer I was down at the White House to visit them. While I was there I met Harland Harriman, who is now Speaker of the House. By the way, are you going to hear Daisy Belle Kehoe and Evelyn Sweeney tonight? I haven't heard them play since I left Jeff, but the papers say they are grander than Paderewski ever hoped to be. Tell me whom you saw and what they are doing now in dear old Jeff."

"Well, you know Clifford Mosier is the Mayor, and he said that when he last heard of Roscoe Zollinger, he was in South Africa and was the owner of the largest diamond mine in the world. The last time I went to England I crossed with Warren Weber, the Standard Oil king. Do you ever hear from Grace?"





"Yes; I received a letter from her the other day. You mean Grace Crum, don't you?"

"Yes."

"She said she was going home on a visit in a few weeks and would stop over with me a few days. Oh! didn't you know she married Lester, our Ambassador to Germany?"

"Clifford was telling me that Eugenia Glossbrenner, before her marriage, was President of Harvard. That reminds me of Hazel Davis. Where is she?"

"She, with Anna Abel, went to Germany and studied, and now they own a girls' seminary in California. It is the largest of its kind in the world, where they only teach German. You knew Sultan was in New York, didn't you?"

"Yes, he is Rabbi of the big Synagogue on Fifth avenue. I was reading in the paper about Harry Peet's wonderful inventions in electricity, and that he is a world-famed electrician."

"Have you read the latest edition of Norman Beck's poetry? I always knew he would be America's greatest poet. The last time I heard of Victor Albanese he was President of Heidelberg University in Germany."

"I got in Jeff just too late for Ruth Morris' wedding. She married a professor of electrical engineering at Purdue. I received a letter from Jack Wells today, saying he was coming up in his flying machine to spend the week-end with me. He has never married, as he was afraid of breaking too many hearts. He's Professor of French at Yale."

"You've certainly heard about Susie Dietz and Mary Elliott, who now hold the world's record for speed and accuracy in typewriting."





"I hear Emma Bloore is now Mayor of Sellersburg. Oh, yes; you know Sellersburg is as big as Louisville was when we lived in Jeff."

"While reading the papers the other day I saw that Nora Keigwin, Helen Veasey, Pearl Strother, Laila Crum, and May Cole are now the leading suffragettes. I was glad to hear Clara Smith was elected Governor of Indiana. I see she has appointed Frances Hauss as postmistress at Indianapolis and Inez LeClare Secretary of the Board of Health."

"The last time I was in Italy I heard Gladys Felker and Grace Carl. They are, as you know, the greatest grand opera singers in the world. They make their first appearance in the United States in the fall."

"Lucille Horner and Clara Scheer are both here in New York, so you must call on them some time. They are at the Columbian University. Lucille is teacher of Domestic Art and Clara of Domestic Science."

"Hazel Hinton is at the head of the Red Cross Society, and Katherine Goyne, Catharine Goodwin and Helen Hydron are teachers in some big college in the West.

"Isn't it nice, Freeman, that we have kept up with all our school-mates? I wonder if they remember us as well, and know what we are doing?"

"Yes, it is, and I'm certainly glad I have found you. I must be going now. This has certainly been one short, enjoyable evening. Whenever you want a private car just let me know. Oh, yes, indeed, I'll come back to see you again. Good-bye.

—MARGUERITE STAUSS.





### CLASS WILL.

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We, the Senior Class of the Jeffersonville High School of the City of Jeffersonville, County of Clark, State of Indiana, U. S. A., on this twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fourteen, being of sound mind, do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, and call upon the Class '15 to see that this will is not contested in any way.

We do hereby bequeath to the Apollos and all opposing football teams, Cliff Mosier's splendid mop of football hair.

We bequeath Helen Hydron's business qualities to the private secretary of the President.

We do hereby bequeath Warren's dauntless courage to Uncle Sam to defeat the Mexicans.

We bequeath Grace Carl's high "C" to the leading soprano in the Glee Club.

We bequeath, as a commencement present to the pale little city girls of Class '15, the suburban bloom on Harry Peet's cheeks.

We bequeath Victor's polished manners to be divided among all the boys of J. H. S. "God bless 'em. They need it!"

We do hereby bequeath Katherine Goyne's height to Helen Pfau.

To Charlton we bequeath Norman's talent for verse-making, so that he may write sonnets to her hair, her eyes, her lips and her left eyebrow.

As a special favor to the teachers, we bequeath Ruth Rose's goodness to be bestowed impartially on all the students of J. H. S.

We bequeath Ruth Morris's melting brown eyes and bewitching smile to Lettie, to ensnare the heart of Grotie, the heartless.

To Gordon we bequeath six inches of Harry Shoenmetzler's gigantic height. That he may hold his own in the "big game."

We bequeath Laila's short dresses, hair ribbons and "baby dolls" to the "littlest Freshman."





We bequeath "Chattie's" ball, bat and mit to Nanella, as the one best able to sustain their reputation.

We bequeath Anna Abel's brains to the Class of '18.

We bequeath Harland's marvelous talent for pitching field goals to Marcella, the "forward" Soph.

To the J. H. S. collection we bequeath the three loving cups deservedly won on the tennis court by our Evelyn.

We bequeath the culinary art of Clara Smith, Frances Hauss and Hazel Hinton to three of the Sophs with "prospects."

To Frank Dilger we bequeath Nora's smile.

To the young and verdant Freshmen we bequeath Emma's "good name" to make them "bluer." Blue is the more popular shade this season.

To Edith Schimpff we bequeath May Cole's maidenly modesty.

To "Little Brock" we bequeath "Little Jack Horner's" cozy corner, also her "Christmas pie."

To all the Juniors we bequeath the "stick-to-it-iveness" of "Peg and Veas," trusting they may use it on their lessons even as the donors exercised it on their "forwards."

To Joe Crandall and other disappointed lovers we bequeath 1,000 boxes of Fee Robinson's coffin-nails.

We bequeath Susie Dietz's lovely complexion to some muddy-skinned freckle-faced Soph.

We bequeath Roscoe's baseball suit to Bobby Koppers.

We bequeath our priceless "Pearl" to adorn the crown of J. H. S.

We bequeath Mary Elliott's graduating dress to Helen Collins.

To some musically inclined Junior we bequeath Gladys Felker's magic touch of the ivories.





We bequeath Eugenia's talent for application to some of the giddy Freshmen.

To some future Lula Tyler Gates aspirant we bequeath Hazel's elocutionary powers.

We bequeath Clara Scheer's "artistic temperament" to those girls, if any, who are very fond of painting.

We bequeath Inez's popularity with the boys to Gertrude Antz.

We bequeath Cath Goodwin's book of street car checks to Homer Bunnell.

We bequeath Sultan's "grace" and beauty to Rutlege Crooker.

We bequeath Daisy Belle's headlight to Bill Ingram, who has "chauffeuric" ambitions.

We bequeath Carroll's cherry disposition and popularity among the girls to "Chubby" Williams.

We bequeath Grace Crum's winning (?) way to the captain of next years basket-ball team.

To all the teachers of J. H. S. we bequeath our gratitude and good will.

To the above will and testament we call and name as witnesses:

BESS VOIT,  
KATHARINE MEYER,  
WALTER FREEMAN,

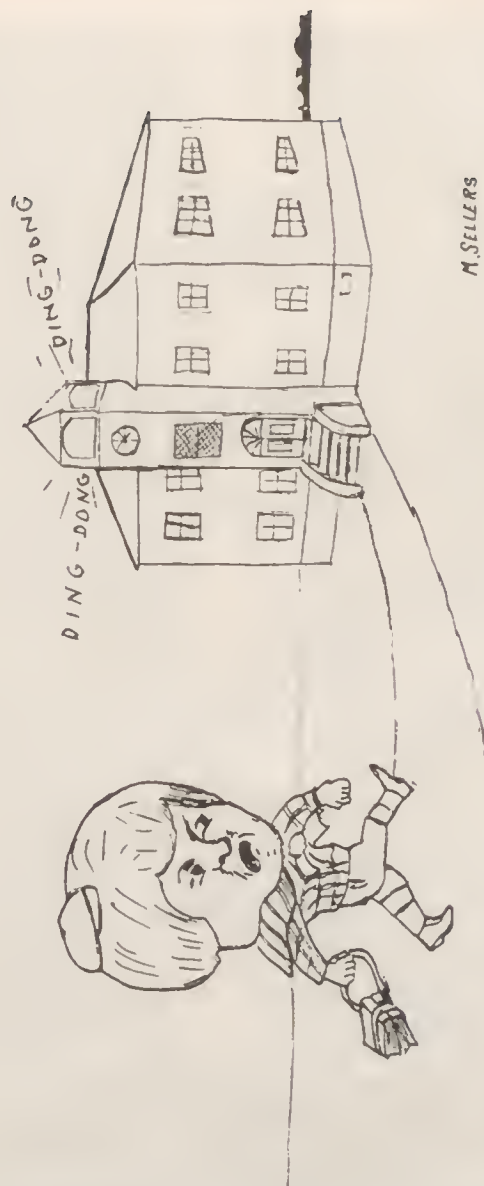
And name as our executor:

JACK SCHWANINGER.

The above will and testament was duly witnessed and sworn to before me, a duly authorized Justice, this twenty-first day of May, 1914.

WILBUR STRINGE, Not. Pub.









## Class of '15 Roll

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### FIRST ROW—

Eugene Ogden,  
James Ehringer,  
Jack Spieth,  
Charlton Holmes,  
Harry Gray,  
Charles Dunlevy,  
Burke Voit,  
Maurice Badger,

### SECOND ROW—

Noah Pearcey,  
Otto Whiteside,  
Roy Barron,  
Edwin Zuerner,  
Katherine Meyer,  
Edna Lawrence,  
Leta Egbring,  
Ruth Brooks,  
Dorothy Mullings,  
May Krajuak.

### THIRD ROW—

Henrietta Eich,  
Blanche Rauth,  
Delwin Isler,  
Hollis Meloy,  
Norma Denzler,  
Grace Richardson,  
Rachael Parks,  
Gladys Crim.

### FOURTH ROW—

George Dawes,  
Harry Bowyer,  
Stanley Grosbach,  
Curtis Brock,  
Paul Northam,  
James Landwehr.





## HISTORY OF CLASS OF '15.

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On September the ninth, three years ago, the 3C Class entered dear old Jeffersonville High School. We weren't very much frightened, because we thought we knew almost as much about the new school as did the others, for they had been in it for only one term. But, of course, I'll have to admit we were not so eager to enter.

Nearly all the girls met across the street and stood chattering gayly, but now and then casting awed glances over towards the school building and at those marching sedately in as though they owned the entire school. After a while we mustered all the courage we possibly could, crossed the street, and went inside (but very, very slowly). We were very much surprised when one of the teachers gave us a beaming smile and told us where the "Freshman Row" was. We had expected to be greeted by a general giggle and titter from all the occupants of that large assembly room, but to our amazement, there was nothing of the sort. Every individual seemed to be attending to his own affairs and not even as much as looking at us. Really we had a terribly queer feeling. We didn't know which was the worse the fact that we were being made fun of or that we were being absolutely ignored. But, of course, we afterward learned that our honorable elders were only obeying strict orders and were being extremely polite.

Our entire Freshman year was a very happy one for all, and I believe that during that time no one from that large class stopped school. We had many good times, among which was a social, given us by the faculty because we had the best attendance average.

When we became Sophomores we gained more honors, of which we shall always be very proud. We chartered a car for the football boys when they played against New Albany High School at Glenwood.

At that time the gymnasium had not yet been fully equipped. All were eager for it to be completed, so as to give us a chance to take physical cul-





ture. This we had never had in our course of study. The Parent-Teachers' Association, always ready to help us, aided in the equipment of the "gym," but with it all, everything had not been obtained. Mrs. Perry, the mother of two of our former classmates, decided that she would entertain the class which raised the largest fund for the "gym." As soon as this exceedingly kind offer was made known to the school everyone became very much excited and each individual just "knew" that his class would win. Our class has very seldom failed to gain what it was striving for. But the idea that the Sophomores would even have a show was perfectly shocking. Those few weeks were full of great excitement, indeed. But the day appointed as the last of the contest finally came, and to the horror of all the Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors (the last especially), Mr. Taylor informed all that the Sophomores had won. We were very much delighted and held our heads just a little higher than the rest for many days afterward.

It was in February and Mrs. Perry had a Valentine party in our honor. There were very few who missed this delightful time. I am sure that all who went have never had a better time. It isn't very often that all the members of a class have an opportunity to have a social gathering all to themselves, and I believe that party brought us nearer to each other than we had been before that time.

Now we are Juniors. Ah! this is indeed the calmest and most peaceful year of High School. It is like sailing on some beautiful blue lake, high up in the mountains, undisturbed by the winds and waves and tides of the great sea of life. It is a period of unalloyed peace which always precedes a golden age of thought, which is the Senior year.

But with all its good fortunes our dear old class now has its trials. Many days were dark and sad. Oh! how terribly sad we were because Frances Kamer, one of our dearest girls, loved tenderly by all, had to leave us.





"Though one now wears the starry sign  
That tells a life has broke its tether,  
Nearly all those classmates of mine—  
God bless them!—Are all together."

Frances smiles unseen and moves unheard, an angel classmate, with us always. Count us—we are still the same, one earthly band, one heavenly sister.

Then two other of our classmates, Gertrude and Howard Perry, moved to the Philippine Islands. All were very sorry to see them go; not only the Juniors, but also the other classes, because they knew that they, also, had lost two of their best friends. A short time before their departure we had a party, given as a farewell to the Perrys. We borrowed Miss Voigt's house and had it there. All sorts of games were played, and, although every one felt "blue" to think that it was a farewell party, I am sure all had a very good time.

Another member who has left us is Sue Martin. She was not with us very long on account of poor health, but I know she still thinks of us and is with us daily in her kind thoughts.

We are now three-fourths across the stream of J. H. S. and on looking back over the past a smile of pleasure creeps on us. We have had our sorrows and have made many mistakes, but we feel that we have been a credit to the school and are confident the teachers will second the statement. The way the class has handled all its studies is perfect, and as we become Seniors we have an air of confidence that this coming year will be a successful one.

The Juniors have been as true and as loyal to J. H. S. as they knew how to be; have helped to win glory and fame for her in athletics as well as in books, and they will all with one accord sing:

"J. H. S., aye, forever."

—JOSEPHINE RANEY, '15.





CLASS SONG.

---

1. Just a little word of parting,  
    '14 goes upon her way;  
And upon Life's journey starting,  
    Leaves a word for you today.  
Try to follow our example,  
    Keep a-going ev'ry day.  
Underneath your footsteps trample  
    All that will success delay.
2. Four years have we had of pleasure,  
    Thanks to those who made it so.  
Now we must our hours measure,  
    See! it's almost time to go.  
What in Future lies before us  
    E'en the wisest cannot tell.  
Sad and solemn thoughts come o'er us,  
    We must say Farewell! Farewell!



TOP IC



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## Class of '16 Roll

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Winfield Crooker,  
Reecie McKee,  
Duffy Hancock,  
Raymond Grote,  
Charles Durgee,  
Ernest Collier,  
John Driscoll,  
William Ingram,  
Emerson Taylor,  
Ernest Schowe,  
Joe Crandall,  
Raymond Stoner,  
Conway Swartz.

Anne Cogswell,  
Marcella Coll,  
Hortense Meloy,  
Helen Morris,  
Naomi Beal,  
Gertrude Antz,  
Lucille Seitz,  
Matilda Kaelin,  
Marie Deibel,  
Mildred Hauss,  
Vada Jones,  
Holland Lacey,  
Irene Ball,  
Freda Rinke,  
Jesse Elliott.

Cleona Grayson,  
Mary Polley,  
Helen Hurlbut,  
Nancy Miller,  
Ruth Hensel,  
Marie Davenport,  
Ruth Cunningham,  
Juretta Bamber,  
Helen Doble,  
Esther Covert,  
Eleanor Rose,  
Lucy Baird,  
Louise Weaver,  
Ruth Hopkins.

John Clark,  
John Enlow,  
Wilbur Stringe,  
Raymond Waggoner,  
Lee Kendall,  
Edgar Thro,  
Walter Freeman,  
Hugh Harrison,  
Justus Bell,  
Forest Humphrey,  
Floyd Grosbach.





### HISTORY OF THE CLASS '16.

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It was a fine day in January when half the Class '16 entered High School. Everything seemed to be in accord on this perfect day. Nature herself was aware of the great event that was to take place in the school's history on that day. This, the day of the birth of the illustrious Class of '16, will be long remembered by us all. When this section of our class entered the school we joined the Class of '15. A meeting was called and officers elected. All members of our class are very eager to attend meetings, which is a very rare thing among the other classes of our school.

The whole Class of '16 did not meet until the following term, when we met one balmy day in September, while the trees were still beautiful with foliage. Our favorable career then began. Our class was foremost in everything that went on. There is much talent in our class, as has already been proven. We are in all athletics. Half of last year's football team was made up of players from Class '16. Some of our class are now Sophomores and some are Juniors. In our opinion and the opinion of others, we are the best class in school.

—A MEMBER.





TO THE SENIORS.

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Here's to the Seniors,  
God bless 'em;  
But, Oh, my eyes,  
How we'll miss 'em!

With their faces aglow,  
And eyes so bright,  
Of old J. H. S.  
They were the light.

Of course, we know  
There are others coming;  
But they'll have to hustle  
And keep a-running

To be up with those  
Who are to quit.  
We wish they'd stay  
With all their wit.

—G. Crim.







## Class of '17 Roll

Margaret Schimpff,  
Ruth Catlin,  
Ruth Collins,  
Nanella Coots,  
Elizabeth Rose,  
Letitia Perry,  
Mabel Wardell,  
Irma Lawrence,  
Anna Tennant,  
Cheslie Scott,  
Iva Smith,  
Leone Peterson,  
Gladys Clark,  
Flora Frank,  
Helen Collins,  
Laverne Rose,  
Andrew Stoner,  
George Weir,  
Lewis Vaughn,  
Justus Bell,  
Cornelius Beck,  
Byron Brock,  
Mary Davis,  
Mary Edna Egbring,  
Pearl Moser,  
Clarence Freeman,  
Leo Duitz,  
Freeman Eckert,  
Raymond Grote,  
Forest Humphrey,  
Charles Hibstenberg,  
Harvey Hinton,

Grace Reichle,  
Rosa Abel,  
Margaret Kerrigan,  
Marguerite Keller,  
Rosa Gladstein,  
Alma Mosier,  
Letitia Perkins,  
Emma Kenney,  
Neldean Gray,  
Cleona Grayson,  
Alma Anson,  
Dorothy Baker,  
Irene Brennan,  
Helen Crum,  
Halbert Nachand,  
Buford Ogden,  
William Scott,  
Jack Schwaninger,  
Cecil Vancampen,  
Naomi Beal,  
Helen Hurlbut,  
Max Bowman,  
John Clark,  
Mary Whitlow,  
Bess Voit,  
Isabel Litkenhous,  
George Dugan,  
Arthur Donahue,  
Charles Kenney,  
Clarence Taggart,  
Paul Warner.





### HISTORY OF CLASS '17.

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We, the Class of '17, entered High School with honors, and like every other class, we felt and were green upon entering.

Our class has one great fault, namely, the failure of some of the members to pay their class dues. A few of our members make a great mistake by not attending our class meetings regularly. They are so little interested in the welfare of our class that they have not even made it a point to find out the amount of our class dues.

But in spite of our faults we enjoy ourselves very much. Both the boys and the girls have a basket-ball team and, for beginners, have had enough success to show what kind of players we are, and will be in the future.

The further we advance the more we like our High School. We have a school of which we are intensely proud. Our teachers take a great interest and try to make it as pleasant for us as possible. We are not blind to the fact that our faults are many, but day by day as we grow older we will strive with our teachers' help, to make our Class '17 the model class of J. H. S.

—BESS VOIT.





## Class of '18 Roll

### STANDING—

Frank Laugel,  
 Raymond Yester,  
 Pearl Bere,  
 Edith Stemler,  
 Armond Cohen,  
 Forest Ryan,  
 Henry Covert,  
 Helen Pfau,  
 Richard Russel,  
 Benjamin Long,  
 Dorothy Holzbog.

### SITTING—

Elizabeth Chambers,  
 Edna Ogle,  
 Selma Young,  
 Margaret Mathews,  
 Walter Cottrill,  
 Adel Sanford,  
 Alberta Baker,  
 Dorsey Craig,  
 Clifford Freeman.





### HISTORY OF CLASS '18.

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We, the "Freshies," have had a more pleasant time than we expected, being "lost" and embarrassed, and our first term has passed quickly.

We are not "puffed-up;" to the contrary, we are an unusually modest and unassuming class. Nevertheless we have a very natural appreciation of what a splendid class we really are.

We are not of the prophetic bent; we do not predict the things of tomorrow; we let the future take care of itself, being convinced that time will tell.

The class colors are white and blue. The class officers are Richard Russell, President; Mabel Biedenback, Secretary, and Henry Covert, Treasurer.



Clubs  
and  
Society

Two hanging lanterns are positioned between the words 'and' and 'Society'. They are suspended from a thin line that also supports the word 'and'. The lanterns have a textured, possibly woven or pleated, surface and are filled with a light source, creating a warm glow. The entire title is enclosed within a simple rectangular border.

TOP IC



THE



## Topic Staff Roll

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Editor-in-Chief .....	Anna Abel
Assistant Editor-in-Chief .....	Harland Harriman
Business Manager .....	Carroll Wells
Literary .....	Ruth Rose
Social .....	Lucille Horner
Athletics .....	Sultan Cohen
Jokes and Locals .....	Clifford Mosier
	.....Harry Schoenmetzler
	.....Maurice Badger
Class Editors .....	Mildred Hauss
	.....Mary Whitlow
	.....Margaret Mathews
Advertising Managers .....	Hazel Davis
	.....Eugenia Glossbrenner
Artists .....	Gladys Felker
	.....Clara Scheer
Photographer .....	Harry Peet







## Domestic Science Roll

Miss Mabel D. Erwin, Instructor.

### TOP ROW—

Frances Hauss,  
Hazel Hinton,  
Inez Le Clare,  
Lucille Horner,  
Marie Davenport,  
May Cole,  
Letitia Perkins,  
Gladys Felker,

### MIDDLE ROW—

Dorothy Holzbog,  
Naomi Beal,  
Norma Denzler,  
Gladys Crim,  
Edna Lawrence,  
Emma Kenney,  
Clara Scheer,

Marguerite Stauss,  
Nora Keigwin,  
Ruth Hopkins,  
Laila Crum,  
Ruth Morris,  
Katherine Goyne,  
Blanche Ranth.

Martha Ehringer,  
Matilda Kaelin,  
Gertrude Antz,  
Alma Dismore,  
Irene Ball,  
Holland Lacey.

### BOTTOM ROW—

Helen Pfan,  
Helen Doble,  
Freda Rinke,  
Adel Prinz,  
Clara Smith,

Pearl Strother,  
Evelyn Sweeney,  
Alma Mosier,  
Helen Veasey,  
Henrietta Eich.





## Boys' Debating Society Roll

TOP ROW—

Duffy Hancock,  
William Ingram,  
Sultan Cohen,  
Walter Freeman,

Maurice Badger,  
Armond Cohen,  
Harland Harriman,  
Clifford Mosier,

BOTTOM ROW—

Le Merle Applegate,  
Gordon Buttorff,  
Richard Russell,

Dorsey Craig,  
Henry Covert.





## Literary Society Roll

### STANDING—

Pearl Bere,  
 Selma Young,  
 Dorothy Holzbog,  
 Margaret Mathews,  
 Elizabeth Chambers,  
 Miss Maud Craig,

Helen Pfau,  
 Mary Whitlow,  
 Elizabeth Holzbog,  
 Nanella Coots,  
 Helen Morris.

### SITTING—

Nancy Miller,  
 Helen Duple,  
 Bess Voit,

Lucille Seitz,  
 Ione Bottorff,  
 Marcella Coll.





#### SOPHOMORE-FRESHMEN LITERARY SOCIETY.

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The first meeting of the Sophomore-Freshman Literary Club was held Wednesday, March 11th, at 3:20. An election of officers was held which resulted in Miss Marcella Coll being elected President, and Miss Helen Collins, Secretary. The object of the club is to create an interest in good literature and to improve our reading and story-telling. During the term there have been six meetings and the club now has nineteen members. The programs, which were arranged by Miss Craig, have been very interesting, and we feel sure that every member has been benefited by them.





## Reception Roll

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Harry Schoenmetzler,  
 Carroll Wells,  
 Eugenia Glossbrenner,  
 Hazel Davis,  
 Anna Abel,  
 Norman Beck,  
 Ruth Morris,  
 Clifford Mosier,

Katherine Goyne,  
 Grace Crum,  
 Grace Carl,  
 Daisy Belle Kehoe,  
 Nora Keigwin,  
 Evelyn Sweeney,  
 Marguerite Stauss.





### IT'S AN ILL WIND—

---

A series of ear-splitting blasts from the whistle of the old side-wheeler announced to the great crowd of people that the annual outing of the "Solidarity Society" was at an end, and that the return trip to the city would begin in ten minutes.

The strident shriek of the whistle reached the ears of a couple seated side by side on a bench at the edge of the bluff. Upon hearing the whistle, the young couple were soon aware that they should be moving or else the old "Graylock" would be leaving before they were aboard.

The girl gathered up her belongings, consisting of a parasol, a sadly depleted box of candy, a pair of gloves, and a long white veil. The parasol and the candy box having been entrusted to her companion's care, Rosina turned down the path and Tim came stumbling on behind, feasting his eyes upon the girl in front of him, the one whom he dearly loved.

Halfway down the path he was aware of a sudden determination, so far-reaching in its import that it all but took the breath out of his body. Three times he essayed to speak, but, oh, how he dreaded to say the word, yet he meant it from the bottom of his heart. Finally he got out an articulate sound and then it was such a feeble, half-hearted "Say!" that the girl did not hear it. Then he repeated it and Rosina quickly turned, while his reddened face and his blinking eyes brought a deep color to her cheeks. But Tim mustering up his courage said: "I got a raise this week—a good raise. I'm making fine wages now—elegant wages. Things are comin' my way now. I—I—could get married." The thing which he had been trying to say had now been said, and he waited attentively for the answer.

Rosina looked at him curiously and began to laugh softly.

"Oh, I guess there isn't anything to hinder it," she said with a toss of her head, "except that I haven't been asked yet."





Poor old Tim was now sadly disheartened after all his courage had been for nothing, and he crushed the candy box so hard that the few remaining chocolates were reduced to a sticky pulp, which oozed through a crevice and stuck to his fingers.

He looked up at Rosina, and, her eyes meeting his, she said falteringly: "Will you buy a di'mond for me?" Seized with rapture and half forgetting his sticky hands he threw his arms around her and promised that she should have a "peach of a diamond tomorrer."

But at that moment came a long-drawn blast from the steamer's whistle. Two men began pulling in the gang-plank. Tim, with a yell and a wild waving of his arms, sped forward.

"Hold on there a minute! Hold on!" he roared. And while the crowds on the two decks laughed and shouted bantering encouragement to them, Tim and the girl sped across the gang-plank, just as the mooring lines were cast off.

They soon found themselves seated side by side near the pilot-house, listening to the creak of machinery and the dashing of the waves as the old "Graylock," turning homeward, swung across the bay. There is no telling how long they would have sat there had not the strains of the orchestra finally aroused them. Then they descended the stairs to the lower deck to engage in dancing. Never before was there such music; never such waltzes; never such two-steps; life now seemed to him all lights, laughter and music. They sat down to rest, the girl chatting lightly, but Tim, listening without hearing, was thinking of the ring he would purchase on the morrow.

But into this came the serpent as it comes to every Eden—and this serpent was a big handsome fellow, "Master Leon," who persistently followed in the train of Rosina.

As "Master Leon" spied Rosina he quickly walked up to her and in a few minutes they whirled away among the dancers, leaving poor Tim sit-





ting with white face and tight-set lips. He watched the couple as they whirled by again and again, then went and stood by the rail until the dance was over. He saw "Master Leon" lead her back to the chair and leave her. Now was Tim's chance to speak to her, yet in all his torture of mind he was fair enough not to blame her in the least. He stood before her nervously twitching his fingers, but she sneeringly looked at him and was off in a dance with "Master Leon."

He moved slowly, only to sink into a seat and fall into deep thought of how he had won Rosina only to lose her. Absorbed in his own bitter musings, he did not notice the dense fog and monotonous warnings of the whistle. He was quite alone and, with none to spy upon him, he stretched out his arms and bowed his head upon them. He had lost her—and the fault was his own, bred of his undersized body and his cowardly spirit.

All at once he was awakened by screams of distress, for in the fog the boat had struck a rock and was about to sink. Tim kept close to the rail and reached the fore part of the deck, where he met Rosina, pale with fright. Everywhere on the boat could be heard the cries of distress.

How could he stand to see Rosina go down with the boat? Seizing her in his arms he carried her to a life boat.

In a few hours all were safe, and Rosina was standing before Tim with a wonderful light in her eyes.

"Tim," she said, "you have saved my life. Oh, but I'm proud of you." Suddenly, ignoring the people about her, she threw her arms around his neck and was soon weeping on his shoulder.

Tim drew himself up to the full extent of his five-feet-five.

"There, there," he said soothingly. "Don't be doin' that. Listen, and I will tell you about the elegant di'mond I'll be buyin' to-morer."

—HENRIETTA EICH, '15.





## "THE SOCIETY BELLE."

### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Kitty Woerner, the petted daughter of a wealthy banker, makes the acquaintance of Bob Gregory, a poor boy, whose mother has to struggle to earn a living for herself and Bob. Having gone through school together, upon their graduation from High School, Bob goes to college to prepare himself as a civil engineer. Kitty is sent to a girl's seminary, where she learns all the manners and customs of polite society. Upon her return, on account of her wealth and education, she becomes very popular among the so-called society and devotes all her time to her social duties. Meanwhile Mrs. Werner, never very strong, is taken ill, and, after a long illness, dies. A short time after, Mrs. Gregory dies, leaving Bob alone in the world. He calls upon Kitty, the friend of his school days, and together they talk over their losses. He arouses her, and causes her to see that the life she is living is worth nothing, that she cares only for her own pleasure, and despises the poorer people, who make it possible for her to have the luxuries she enjoys. Kitty sees Bob's real worth, and her childish admiration and love for him return. She tells him of her love for him, but Bob, thinking that she could not be happy with him, because of the difference in their spheres of life, leaves without telling her where he was going, seemingly passing out of her life entirely.

### CHAPTER V.

#### "THE REFORM."

That night after Bob left, Kitty sat down to ponder over the things that he had told her. These thoughts passed through her mind as she sat there. "Oh, could it really be true—what he had told her; was it true she had acted thus to her father? Were her friends as Bob had pictured them; was she the poor dependent girl he had told her she was? Was it true he was really going West, and would be gone probably for many years? O, what would she do, and what must she do first?"





The old grandfather clock chimed the hour of one, when she started from her chair. Could it be possible she had sat there all this time? But she was determined to do—. Now I must not tell, for that would be giving Kitty's beautiful secret away.

She arose, went upstairs, and turned to look in the mirror as she had done on another night when she was so happy. But tonight the mirror reflected a face different from the one that had been reflected in it so many times. She did not press her lips to the lips in the mirror, she had other things to do tonight besides thinking of parties, dresses, and such trifles.

Days had passed now, but still Kitty was bewildered and sad. Yes, she had made her resolutions, and she determined to begin today to fulfill them.

She went down into the kitchen, gave Mammy, the old negro cook, a bright smile and a pleasant word. Kitty asked, "Is there anything I can help you do, so that you can get through your work earlier?" Of course, there was nothing this dainty little Kitty could do in the kitchen, so she left and went back to her room.

She was not much disappointed, for she had expected this answer to her question, but she was going to try again. After dinner she told the cook that she wished to help with the dishes. Now this time Mammy exclaimed: "Laws sake, honey, what's ailin' you? You go 'long and hab a good time and your ole black mammy am goin' to do this here work."

Kitty only smiled, but she took the dish cloth and really helped with the dishes, the first time probably in her life. She left this part of the house, knowing she had succeeded in making one person happier, and feeling more happy than she had been since that eventful night.

Tonight she met her father at the door and exclaimed: "O, daddy, I am so glad you have come home early. Now we can have such a pleasant





evening together." Was father surprised? Yes! But he certainly enjoyed this surprise.

When he retired that night he felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted from his heart. Was this his own Kitty, the child that cared only for her own amusements and pleasure and never thought of him? Was it really the little child he had loved so well when she was a baby, and whom he still loved? Yes it was Kitty, but not the proud, thoughtless girl of a year ago, but a lady who cared for other people's wants and tried so hard to make every one happy.

## CHAPTER VI.

### "THE CIVIL ENGINEER."

As he told Kitty he intended doing, Bob had gone to the West to accept a position. When he arrived at the little town of Gurneville, Cal., where he was to live and work, he was received in a most pleasant way. Everybody was very friendly to him, and tried to help him in some manner. He often wondered if he were really worthy of such kind treatment.

He worked hard for the company by which he was employed, and accomplished feats which no one else had ever tried. Why was he so much interested in his work? Was it to save money for his own use? Was it—? Now, what was his purpose; what was the one thought uppermost in his mind?

He had succeeded, he knew he had, for now he was at the head of the firm, which had employed him as civil engineer five years previous.

"Yes, just five years tonight since I came here," he said. "How changed everything is and how different everything back at my old home must be." While he was thus dreaming of past years a few sentences passed through his mind. "You are blinded to the fact that it is by the aid of these willing and brave people that you stand as high as you do. It is upon them you depend for existence."





Had he been too harsh with beautiful Kitty Werner, when he said this? He had often spent days and nights in thinking of her, but never once had he sent her a letter or a card, and never once had he heard from her. For the first time the thought came to bother him, "Had Kitty married Bert Samuels? He now made up his mind to go back and find her.

## CHAPTER VII.

### HOME AGAIN.

One beautiful, sunny morning, as Kitty was reading to her father, a knock was heard at the door. Kitty did not wait for the maid to answer the caller's impatient summons, but went herself.

The caller proved to be a small boy, who handed her a telegram which read. "Robert Gregory has been hurt in wreck. Will arrive at your home tonight." Kitty was probably as bewildered now as she was on a previous occasion. But now was no time to wring her hands and cry, as she would have done on such a day many years before. Now she must prepare for dear Bob.

The hours passed quickly until the old clock chimed the hour of eight. Then she heard the steady pace of horses' hoofs on the street, then heard them stop. She ran to the door, but was gently pushed aside by her father; for four men were carrying the unconscious Bob towards the door.

Of course, he had the kindest treatment, but for several days he remained delirious. Tonight he appeared to have improved.

A tempest was raging without, when he opened his eyes in bewilderment. The stately apartment offered a strange contrast to the warring elements without. Bright lights, costly upholstery, soft carpets, carved panels and gilded cornices, uniformed attendants passing very softly to and fro, suggested a beautiful palace in which the raging winds were defied.





Where was he; was he lost? He did not have long to ponder before a soft white hand was laid upon his arm. He turned and looked into the sweet, anxious face of Kitty, the girl he had loved so passionately. A mutual understanding passed between them.

It was not long before Bob was able to sit up, and then able to get out in the beautiful sunlight and fresh air. Several months passed and Bob was well.

One night, when he and Kitty were sitting under the old apple tree in the garden, he told her how he loved her, and asked her to be his companion through life. He also told her how it happened he was sent to her home when he was hurt. "You know," he said, "that I had your name and address in my pocket when the wreck happened, and this being nearer than my Western home, I was sent here." He had already told her of his position in life. Bob had one important question to ask Kitty: "What has become of Bert Samuels?" Kitty answered this briefly: "One year after you left he married Agnes Morgan, and now he is living with the Morgan family next door."

Bob was happy now and so was Kitty. After no reflection Kitty accepted Bob's proposal and a happier party never boarded a steamer than that which, on the 15th of April, sailed for Europe, which they reached in safety. At the last account they had returned home and were living in the old Werner mansion in New York.





## AN EPISODE.

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Dick Forrester felt very much bored when he found that his sister Louise had gone off with a walking party and was not likely to return for an hour or two. He received this news from a young woman in a cap and gown, who had come from the office into the reception room, and was standing before him, glancing every now and then from him to the card she held, with a kind look out of her brown eyes.

"I telegraphed her I was in Baltimore and would be out this afternoon," remarked Forrester.

"Yes," assented the young woman, "Miss Forrester left word in the office that she was expecting you, but she concluded you would be detained in the city and would come out late this afternoon." She added that if he would care to see the college while he waited she would send some one to take him through the grounds.

But the young man seemed so doubtful and so much disappointed about it all that the senior felt sorry for him and suggested that he "might amuse himself by strolling through the grounds." Dick suddenly felt very foolish in her presence and wondered how old she thought he was, and why she hadn't told him to "go out and play." He decided to do as she suggested, so he took his hat and stick and wandered down the corridor to the piazza. While standing there he saw a rustic bench under a big tree, down near the lake, where he could smoke and get a better view of the water, and determined to occupy it.

He settled himself comfortably on the bench and began to wonder moodily how he was ever to get through the afternoon, when he saw a young girl come out of the boat-house and make her way down to one of the little boats. Dick could see she was trying to unlock the padlock which fastened the boat to its dock. He went quickly down the hill towards the girl.





"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "Can I be of any help?"

The girl looked up startled, then smiled and said: "Yes; I can't unlock this; perhaps you can."

Forrester took the key and after a while, with very little effort, turned it.

"Thank you," she said in a distant way.

"Perhaps you will let me put the oars in for you," he suggested. This done, he remarked: "I am waiting for my sister, Miss Forrester. Perhaps you are in her class."

She looked at him in a surprised way and then smiled.

"No," she replied, "but I know her quite well."

"I am glad of that," said the young man cheerfully. "I feel now as if we had been properly introduced."

"And where is your sister?" she asked at last.

He explained that his sister had gone off walking, and as there was no train to Baltimore, he would have to wait about two hours for her.

The young woman looked doubtfully at him and then said: "I am going across the lake for lilies. If you care to accompany me you may."

"You are very kind," he answered promptly.

He rowed across the water to a little island, and they found a great deal to say to each other. He carefully turned and balanced the boat while she pulled the long-stemmed water lilies.

Rowing back to shore, he inquired whether they had women professors at the college.

Miss Saville nodded her head.





"Well, they must be pretty awful," he said after a pause.

"Oh, I don't know," she said carelessly.

After a while he told Miss Saville that he had received so few letters from his sister that he thought she was studying too much. Miss Saville buried her face in the biggest lily of the bunch and replied that she thought he needn't worry.. Seeing that he was offended, she added quickly that his sister was very bright, especially in mathematics.

Forrester shook his head.

"I am sure it's a mistake. For there was only one girl I ever heard of that was good at mathematics. Her picture was everywhere; and she was quite pretty. But I am sure no girl who is a great mathematician can be pretty."

They were half way across the lake now, and they saw a girl standing on the shore looking toward them.

"I believe it is my sister," the young man exclaimed.

Miss Forrester kissed her brother and told him how sorry she was to have missed him. She turned to Miss Saville and said: "It was very good of you to have taken care of him."

"We've had a delightful afternoon. I am very glad to have met your brother, my dear," declared the girl.

Looking after Miss Saville, Forrester told his sister what a splendid girl she was, and what a good time they had had.

Then Miss Forrester impatiently asked how he had met her and what he had said to her. Forrester confessed that he did most of the talking, and that he couldn't remember what they talked of, only that Miss Saville agreed with him that girls, especially pretty girls, could not be great mathematicians.





His sister clutched his arm and gasped, "Well! You've done it now! Miss Saville, the young girl you were with just now, is my mathematics teacher. She has two degrees, has studied abroad, and came back this year to be our assistant professor."

Dick whistled. "Well," he exclaimed indignantly, "she is pretty but how deceitful," and then he turned angrily upon his sister. "It's your fault, you had no business to go off walking."

—LETA F. EGBRING, '15.





## GOING TO COLLEGE.

---

The most important subject that can possibly engage the attention of young men and young women is the question of their education. I say this without hesitation because I believe religion is a part of our education, or at least the purpose of each is the same—"That men and women might have life and have it more abundantly."

When Aristotle was asked in what way the educated differ from the uneducated, he replied: "As the living differ from the dead."

The infinite worth of human personality is the basis of the supreme place of education. In the primitive days of college history, colleges were for religious creeds only, and still men and women may be found whose love of creed is greater than their love for humanity, but more and more do colleges have as their object the preparation of men and women alike for complete living.

Now in considering why young men and women should go to college two things are taken for granted: First, that the college is a good one, and second, that the student has average ability and goes with a serious purpose. Who regrets that he went to college? On the other hand, how many who neglected their opportunity, lament the fact that they did not take the tide in their affairs at its flood.

To begin with, education is of practical value. Statistics show that college-bred men and women earn upon an average three hundred per cent more than those who do not have a college education. The per cent of college men who go into business increases every year, and that higher education is a good training for a business career is admitted. The college man is trained to the habit of sustained application and systematic work. He has ready command of the tool which every business man must use—"His Head."

Another fact is that during these four years he will become personally acquainted with hundreds of young men and women who will be-





come leaders in their communities and their friendship will be of great value. College men have the best prospect of rising to eminence. But these are not the most important considerations. The more momentous considerations are not those of wealth or place. Culture and character are always and everywhere among intelligent people more respected than cash. And it is with culture, character and intelligence that college has primarily to do.

"The purpose of education is not to make a living, but to make a life."

Just as evil communications corrupt good manners, so the company one keeps makes or unmakes him, and this is as true of the mind as it is of the morals and manners. Under no other conditions in the world is the mind of the young man or young woman likely to be in such good company as when among the high thoughts that crowd a college course.

An educated man or woman may turn from the petty troubles that crowd the day, to the thoughts of the masters and find rest. He gets more out of life because he puts more into it. If the American youth could be made to understand that education means a larger and happier life, so many of them would not be sitting on store boxes. They cannot appreciate the difference between the coarse pleasure of the ignorant and the divine happiness of the educated. Emerson said: "I wonder what some people want with eternity when they do not know what to do with a half hour here."

What we are in life depends almost wholly upon our ideals—whether we want to be an oak or a squash. The college gives to most students new and nobler ideals. Upon entering college the student will discover new worlds and his horizon will be enlarged.

The college is the greatest democracy—here as nowhere else, brains, character and application are the only qualities that count. "Brain is the only symbol of aristocracy, and the examination room the only field





of honor." Thus it is that college life is likely to take the self-conceit out of a man. It discourages, sometimes rudely, the desire to make one's self conspicuous. The High School graduate shrinks more from putting on the overalls of apprenticeship than the bachelor of arts. Some gather their material, it is true, for a temple and it will turn out a woodshed, but many start a woodshed and it turns out a palace.

Higher standards, morals and ideals prevail in colleges than in any other community. Edward Everett Hale says: "The good of a college is not in what it teaches, but it is to be had from the fellows who are there and your associations with them."

In regard to girls going to college, Mrs. President of Wellesley says: "If civilization pays, if education is not a mistake, if hearts and brains and souls are more than the dress they wear, then by every interest dear to a Christian republic, by all hope we have, by building finer characters than former generations, give the girls the widest and highest and the deepest education we have dreamed of, and then regret that it is not better, broader and deeper."

To these reasons should be added the opportunities of military departments, well-equipped gymnasiums, college literary societies and splendid libraries.

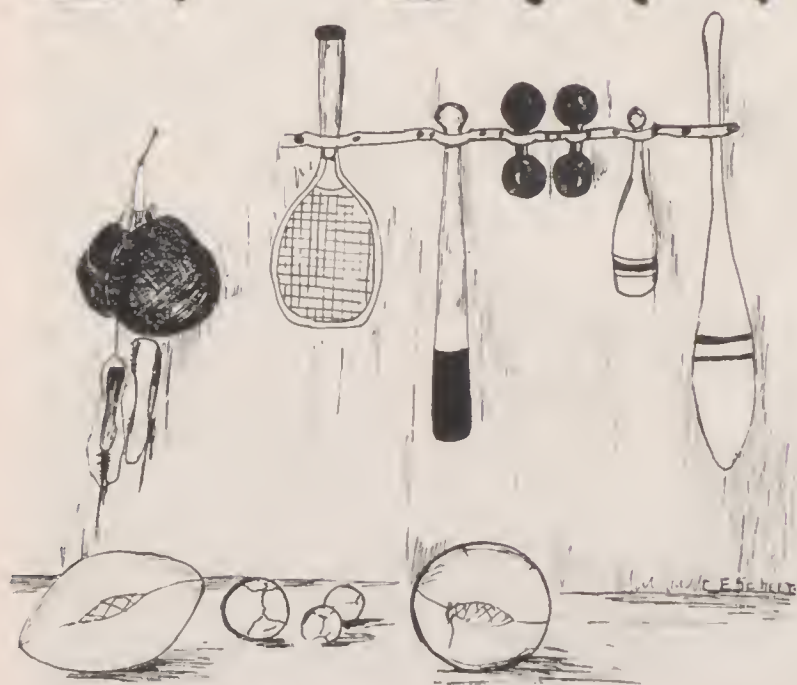
When all of the reasons have been considered, one thought stands above all the rest. The greatest good which can come into any human life through this process of education is a personal richness and beauty of life which can come in no other way. For a dollar one can buy a cyclopedia which contains more facts than he can learn in any course in college. Some men make more in a single speculation than a college president earns in years. A piece of machinery is more systematic and self-poised than the best disciplined mind in any school. The facts learned in history, mathematics and Latin may be forgotten, but the supreme gift of education, a larger, richer and more beautiful life, will abide "forever."

—HOLLIS MELAY, Class of '15.





# SPORTS







## The Football Team

---

Right Half Back .....	John Driscoll
Left Half Back .....	William Ingram
Full Back .....	Lester Chapman
Quarter Back .....	Paul Northam
Right End .....	Burke Voit
Right Tackle .....	Sultan Cohen (Captain)
Right Guard .....	George Dugan
Center .....	Curtis Brock
Left Guard .....	Clifford Mosier
Left Tackle .....	Winfield Crooker
Left End .....	Hugh Harrison, William Stringe
Utility .....	Byron Brock, Forest Humphrey, Frank Dilger, James Ehringer

## The Season's Record

---

J. H. S. ....	19	Sellersburg .....	0
J. H. S. ....	0	N. A. H. S. ....	25
J. H. S. ....	7	J. H. S. Alumni .....	7
J. H. S. ....	24	Jeff. Athletic Club .....	0
J. H. S. ....	24	Jeff. Bridge Club .....	7
J. H. S. ....	15	Madison High School .....	7
J. H. S. ....	0	University of Louisville .....	12
J. H. S. ....	6	Apollo Athletic Club .....	6
<hr/>		<hr/>	
Total, J. H. S. ....	95	Opponents .....	64





## The Basketball Boys

Lester Chapman,  
Charlton Holmes (Captain),  
Harland Harriman,  
Burke Voit,  
George Dawes,

John Driscoll,  
Forrest Humphrey,  
Freeman Robinson (Captain),  
Wilbur Stringe.

## The Season's Record

J. H. S. ....	26	Scottsburg ....	33
J. H. S. ....	3	New Albany H. S. ....	40
J. H. S. ....	39	Central Athletic Club ....	23
J. H. S. ....	12	Charlestown H. S. ....	22
J. H. S. ....	30	Charlestown H. S. ....	22
J. H. S. ....	23	Baptist Tabernacle ....	12
J. H. S. ....	24	Meteors ....	25
J. H. S. ....	29	Apollos ....	43
J. H. S. ....	46	Crothersville H. S. ....	12
J. H. S. ....	16	Crothersville H. S. ....	32
J. H. S. ....	20	Hot Rocks ....	22





## Baseball Boys

---

Winfield Crooker,  
Clifford Mosier,  
Reese McKee,  
Paul Northam,  
Hugh Harrison,  
George Dugan,

John Driscoll,  
George Kilgus,  
Burke Voit,  
Wilbur Stringe,  
Lester Chapman (Captain),  
Freeman Robinson.





FIRST TEAM



SECOND TEAM

## Girls' Basketball Team

### FIRST TEAM.

Marcella Coll,  
Bess Voit,  
Helen Veasey,

Grace Crum,  
Marguerite Stauss.

### SECOND TEAM.

Letitia Perry,  
Mary Whitlow,  
Freda Rinke,

Nanella Coots,  
Helen Collins,  
Margaret Schimpff.

COACH—Miss Mary K. Voigt.





### FOOTBALL.

Our football team for the season of 1913 was one of the most successful in the history of our school. At the opening of the season prospects were very discouraging. Very few of last year's team were left over and almost an entire new team had to be chosen.

Nevertheless, our first call for candidates was loyally answered, and about twenty-five fellows turned out. Our good supply of coaches gave us some advantage. The combined efforts of Coaches Koppers, Hutchins, Lindley and several of the Alumni soon turned out a team we were proud to claim.

Our team was about the lightest J. H. S. ever had; but we can also say that it was the fastest and perhaps the best trained.

The record made this year is a vast improvement over that of last and several years back. This is just a beginning of the change taking place in J. H. S. athletics. Much spirit was shown by the school and the team was loyally supported.

Four of the team graduate this year, but the remainder, plus the abundance of promising material, gives promise of a record-breaking season for next year.

---

### BASKET-BALL.

The season of 1913-14 proved very successful in basket-ball. Our team took advantage of the new gymnasium, and the success of their practice is proved by the good showing made against the many strong teams encountered. The mid-term graduation caused a serious break-up in the team, but the squad made a noble effort to overcome all handicaps.

The inter-class games proved very interesting. Many close games were played and much spirit was shown by the classes. The Class of 1915 proved their superiority and won the J. H. S. championship. The teams finished as follows: Juniors, Seniors, Sophomores, Freshmen.





### BASEBALL.

Great things are expected from our baseball team. They were rather slow in organizing, but they intend, however, to make amends for their slow start. Captain Chapman has just selected his men and feels certain of winning a few laurels. The team is made up of the pick of the class teams and it has already been proved that they can play the game. Games have been scheduled with the Presbyterians, Apollos, New Albany High School and others, and many good games are expected.

---

### INTER-CLASS BASEBALL.

The inter-class baseball teams were very evenly matched. Many exciting games took place and the various classes were ardent rooters for their respective teams. The Sophomores have bravely stuck to first place and will probably be the undisputed and undefeated champions. The teams will probably finish as follows: Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, Freshmen.

---

### A REMARK.

Perhaps J. H. S. does not realize the loss they will suffer in athletics when the Class of 1914 graduates. But it is very evident that our class has been the leader in every branch of our school.

Captain of football team, Sultan G. Cohen, '14.

Captain of basket-ball team, Freeman Robinson, '14.

Captain of baseball team, Lester Chapman, '14.

Athletic managers, Warren Weber, '14; Lester Chapman, '14.





# JOKE



Mr. Andrews (to Bess Voigt)—Go to the map and locate the Mediterranean Sea.

Bess (looking at the Atlantic Ocean)—I can't see it.

Mr. A.—It's between Europe and Africa and has a broad face. We will call it Mr. Smith.

Bess—Mr. Smith? Oh, yes; I got him.

Mr. A.—Now find Italy; that's his nose.

Bess—What's next? I've found the nose.

Mr. A.—Now Greece, his ear.

Bess—Yes, but what is Spain?

---

“Andrew, what would you do with fifty daughters?”

(Heard in a stage whisper) “Kill 'em.”

---

Question—Would we ever reach the Nile river by going North?

Answer (by George D.)—Yes!

---

Nanella—Aw, Miss Voigt!

Miss Voigt (patiently)—Well, Nanella?

Nanella—Ah—oho—I hope we win Saturday.

---

Mr. Taylor—Miss Pfau, if you were going to plant some plants, when would you plant them, in the morning or in the evening?

Helen Pfau—I'd plant them in the morning, so the sun could dry them up.

---

#### A WOMAN'S REASON.

Mr. Andrews—Norma, why couldn't the Jordan River have formed the valley in which the Dead Sea lies?

Norma D.—Because——





Miss Nahstoll (to Henry Harrison)—Henry, take out your gum.  
(Don't be alarmed, she merely meant his chewing gum.)

---

We don't hear much about that dictionary any more; perhaps Miss Craig is waiting for a new one.

---

How many fellows are still writing to Madison?

---

In the spring the young man's fancy  
Lightly turns to thoughts of love;  
But Christmas over, now the maid  
Gives her beau the glove.

P. S.—It should be mitten and not glove, but glove is used to rhyme with love.

---

Mr. Temple—Ruth, what is the "Children's Bureau?"

Ruth Rose—This bureau's purpose is to reduce the number of children (long pause)—working in factories.

---

With all this talk about working to the sound of music, why not do the housework this way. For example put the bread in the oven at *high do*, in *A flat* pan, *scale* the fish, weigh the groceries and *B sharp*. You can do this on the *minor scale*. *Rest* at *intervals* or you will *B flat* as a *natural* result.

---

"Pray let me kiss your hand," said he,  
With looks of burning love.  
"I can remove my veil," said she,  
"Much easier than my glove."—*E. E.*





Mr. Temple—Ruth, how do you stand on woman suffrage?"

Ruth Rose—Well, you know that voting a straight ticket is considered as one of our evils, and a "chicken" would be sure to scratch her ticket.

---

Cohen (in restaurant)—You have calf brains, haven't you?

Waiter—I may have, but I didn't expect to have a bone-headed boob like you to tell me so.

---

By the way, Sultan says he knows what the poet means when he talks of "sweet moments of reconciliation now."

---

"Why is Boyle's law like love?"

Answer—"The lower the gas the higher the pressure."—*Ex.*

---

Harland H.—Do you find Evelyn to have a cold disposition?

Norman B.—I don't know. When I called on those winter nights I hugged the stove pretty much of the time.

---

Jack Driscoll (at dance)—My, how slippery the floor is. It is very hard to keep on your feet.

His Partner (long enduring)—I really wish you wouldn't part of the time.—*Ex.*

---

Miss Nahstoll—Will you decline "Ein Kuss?"

Nancy Miller—J—J—I never have yet.—*Ex.*

---





St. Peter (over 'phone)—Hello, Mr. Taylor; how's Curtis this week?

Mr. Taylor—He's just been throwing wads, talking, and has answered one question halfway right.

St. Peter—Well, I must call him into the hereafter; he's getting too good to remain on the earth.

---

Miss Funk—Alma, what figure of speech is a hyperbole? Illustrate by a sentence.

Alma Mosier—I like to study.

---

#### FROM OUR LIBRARY.

"Friends Though Divided"—Grace and Sultan.

"Round the World on Thirty Cents"—Football team.

"The Call of the Wild"—Paul Northam.

"Wonders of the Twentieth Century"—Burke Voit and Bill Ingram.

"A Comedy of Errors"—A Freshman's test paper.

"A Tale (tail) of Two Cities"—New Albany.

"Peggy"—"Peggy" Stauss.

"Rebellion of the Irish"—Evelyn "don't want to ——."

"Prince and Pauper"—Norman Beck and John D. Rockefeller.

"The Angler"—Mr. Andrews.

---

#### OLD PROVERBS HAVE MODERN MEANINGS.

Miss Frank—"He who *'hesitates'* is lost."

---

J. Spieth (watching Hugh and Lucille)—How is love like life?

M. Badger—I bite, what is it?

J. Spieth—Life is one fool thing after another, and love is two fool things after each other.





C. Wells—Darling, may I imprint a salutation on those ruby lips?

P. Strother—You fool, what do you think I turned down the gas an hour ago for?

---

Lover's Lane is open again this spring to the public. The management wishes to announce these rules:

1. Saliva swapping in daylight is hereby strictly forbidden.
2. Only one lady to each customer; no cornering of the market allowed.
3. The following topics are barred from discussion: The weather, lessons, and the crops.

With these few rules the management has no more to say and wishes for a good season.

---

Mr. Andrews (discussing foods)—What can we say about *too much mustard*?

---

Why is it that Harry S. lingers around the West Assembly so much? "In the spring the young man's fancy——"

---

Little dabs of powder.  
Little smears of paint.  
Make a High School maiden  
Look like what she ain't.

---

"Please gimme a nickel, mister?" said the tramp.

"I never give money to beggars on the street," replied the haughty pedestrian.

"Oh, dat's all right," said the hard luck victim. "Here's one uv me cards; youse kin call at me office an' leave your contribution wid me book-keeper."





No, freshie, dear; it isn't only the milk trains that are supplied with cow-catchers.

---

SOME BOOKS THAT WE SHOULD KNOW.

- "Little Women"—Juretta Bamber, Helen Pfau, Elizabeth Chambers.  
"Little Minister"—Jack Speith.  
"Hop of My Thumb"—Lee Kendall.  
"Black Beauty"—Gertrude Antz.  
"Vanity Fair"—Louise Weaver.  
"Four Georges"—Kilgus, Dugan, Yester, Dawes.  
"A Pair of Blue Eyes"—Lucille Seitz.  
"The Hoosier School Boy"—Emerson Taylor.  
"Twin Sisters"—Ruth Hensel, Nancy Miller.  
"Bad Hugh"—Hugh Harrison.  
"Brave Little Holland"—Holland Lacy.  
"Strong Hearts"—Norma and Charlton.  
"A Certain Rich Man"—Joe Crandall.  
"Little Men"—Clifford Freeman, John Osborne, Jack Schwaninger.  
"The House of Mirth"—Jeffersonville High School.

---

And so Winfield has been singing for the Victor Company on the sly. We didn't think it of you, Scotti.

---

When interviewed by our reporter as to why the ladies liked him so, Mr. Cohen replied: "It's not my fault that the Creator gave me this face."

---

If High School caught on fire would Mary Edna Egburn.





Lucille slapped Hugh, we don't know why, and she is still engaged in picking splinters from her hand.

---

When is a dog not a dog? When he's a setter.

---

Mr. Temple came to school Friday morning (test day) with a frown on his countenance and looked as if he had been sick for about six months.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Taylor. "You look bad."

"Yes, and feel bad, too. I had an awful dream last night."

"What was it?"

"I dreamt that I had to take that 4C Civics test."

---

Mr. Andrews—"They use peat as fuel in Ireland." Beware of Ireland, Harry.

---

Raymond Yester—I think that Norman Beck, not counting the girls, is the prettiest boy in school.

Maybe that is what Evelyn thinks.

---

Will there be fried H. A. M. when Hollis is called to the next world?

---

Harry Schoenmetzler (after play)—I wonder how this play would be received in Africa?

Clifford Mosier—I advise you not to try it. They say ostrich eggs weigh three and four pounds.

---

Mr. Andrews (in Phy. Geog.)—Where do we get natural gas?

Pearl Strother—From wells (Wells).

---





When is that revised edition of J. Norman Beck's Poems coming out. Hurry up, Norman; we like poetry as well as Evelyn does.

---

The saddest words of tongue or typewriter,  
The saddest are these, "My purse is lighter."

---

Little oval naught marks  
Little streaks of red  
On examination papers  
Make Hopes that once lived, dead.

---

On the near bank of the river Styx, a progressive American (departed this life) has a prosperous business, the sign of which reads, "Souls bleached by a secret process, guaranteed to make the blackest souls white."

---

#### A MISTAKE.

##### A LITTLE PLAYET IN ONE ACT.

Heroes—1. Harry S.; 2. Clifford M.

Heroines—1. Hazel H.; 2. Clara S.

Villian—Unknown stranger.

Scene 1 (In front of Magistrate Hay's parlor)—Villain (pointing to sign): "Is this the place you are looking for?"

First Hero—No, sir; I am already married."

Second Hero—Also nix.

Heroines (1 and 2)—Giggles.

Curtain.

Mr. Andrews (after spelling match)—Well, how did the match come out?"

Eugenia G.—It came out a tie.

Mr. A.—It is only natural that the opposite sexes should be tied.





Mr. Buford Ogdon favored us with a vocal solo one morning during music period.

---

Willie Wise sez, sez he: "When you see a young man sailin' down the street a little past midnight with his collar crumpled, you can make up your mind that thars a young gal crawlin' upstairs not far off, with her shoes under her arm and an extinguished lamp in her hand."

---

"Why do you call your wife 'Circumstance?'"  
"Be cause she is something over which I have no control."

---

A young person of Tomahawk Bluff  
Carried pistols to make him look tough.  
When they asked, "Do you chew?"  
He said, "Yes, I dew;  
I'm a regular wetch of a wough."

---

In the first act he tied the beautiful heroine to the railroad track just as a limited was due. In the second, he lured her into an old house, locked her in an upper room and set the place on fire. In the third, he strapped her under a buzz saw and set the machinery in motion. In the fourth, he tried to make love to her and she shrank from him. "Why do you fear me, Nellie?" he asked.

---

New version of Shakespeare found on one of Miss Craig's test papers:  
"It is meet that noble minds keep even with their hides."—Merchant of Venice.

---

Wonder where Mr. Temple got that cut under his eye? But we should not be inquisitive about family affairs, anyhow.



Miss Frank—Why is Latin called a dead language?

Clarence Saggart—They are dead who ever spoke it; they are dead who ever wrote it, and they are dying painfully who now read it.

---

Miss Nahstoll (to Henry Harrison)—“Henry, take our your gum.” He did, but it was only his chewing gum.

---

THESE PLAYS REMIND US OF:

“The Cradle-Snatcher”—Carroll Wells.

“The Lion and the Mouse”—H. S. and H. D.

“The Chocolate Soldier”—“Inky” Ingram.

“Love’s Labor Lost”—When Norman found Evelyn not at home.

“The Man Higher Up”—Lige Detro on the roof.

---

Harvey was afraid to go to the Senior-Freshman Social, but lost all his fears when he was assured of Nanella’s protection.

---

Lives there a boy with soul dead,  
Who never to himself hath said  
When working on a tough exam  
Blank, blankety, blank and sometimes d——?

---

---

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